

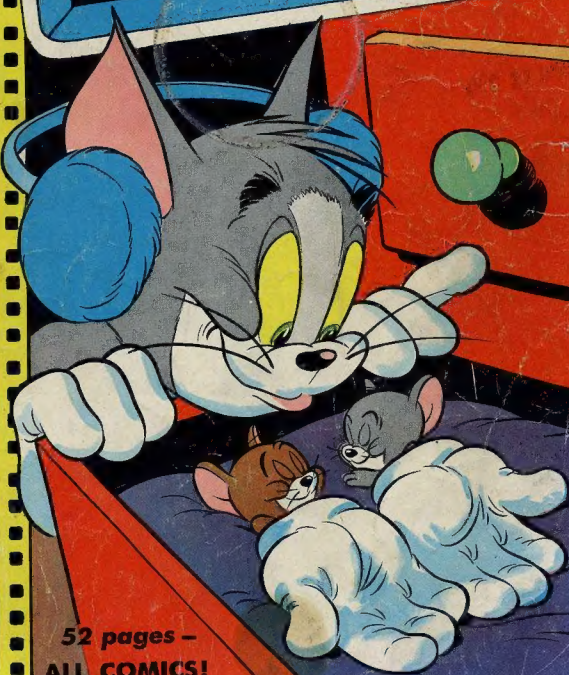


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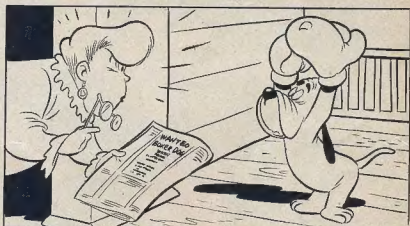
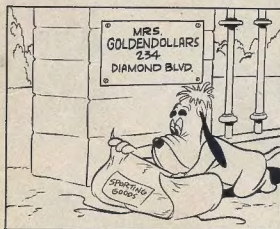
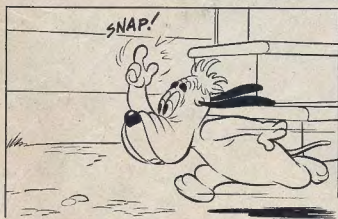
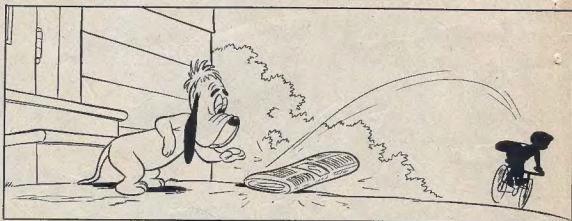
TOM & JERRY

COMICS



52 pages -
ALL COMICS!

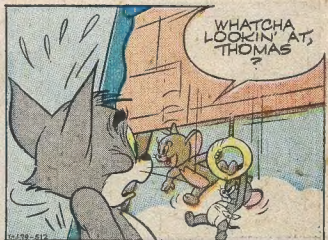
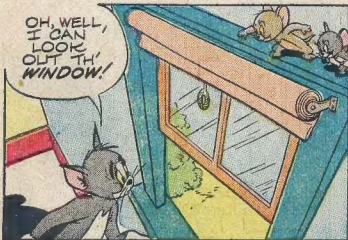
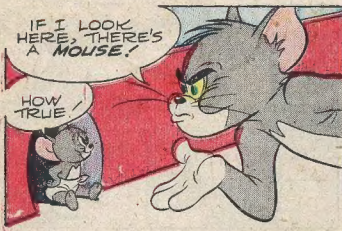
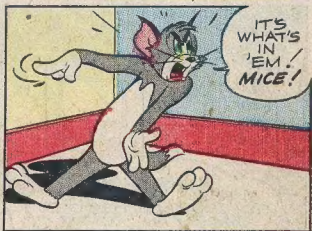
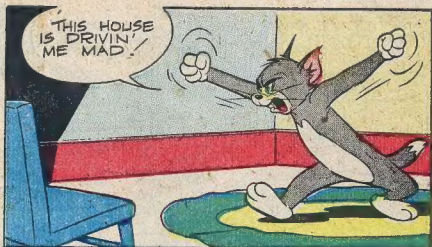
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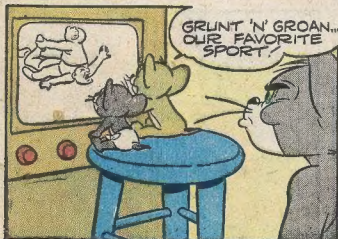
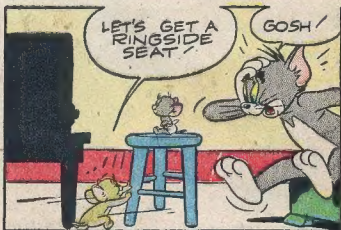
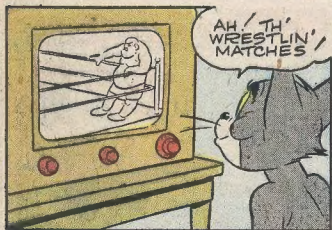
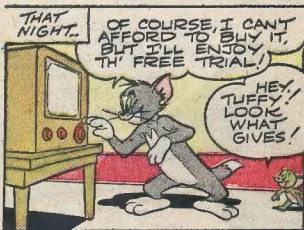
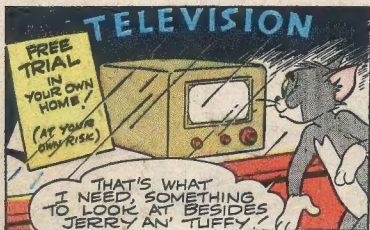


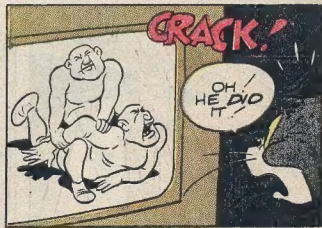
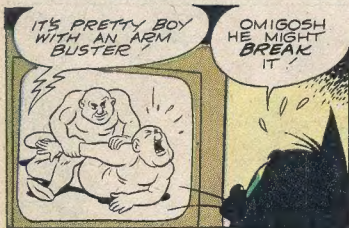
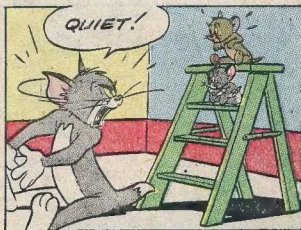
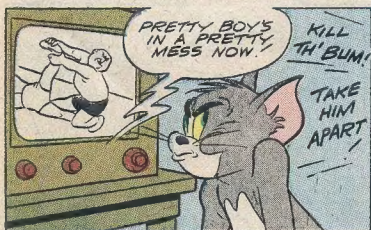
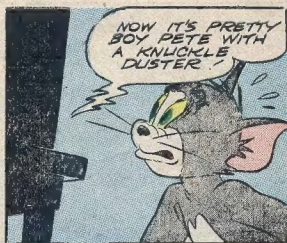
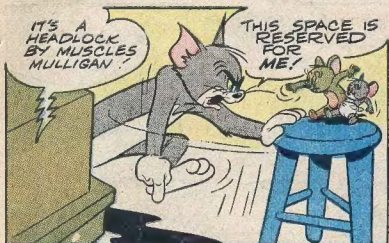
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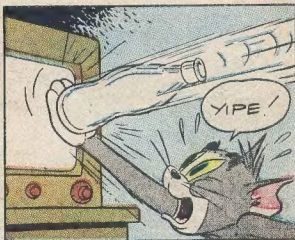
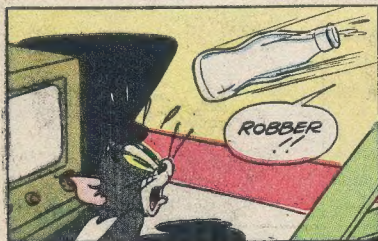
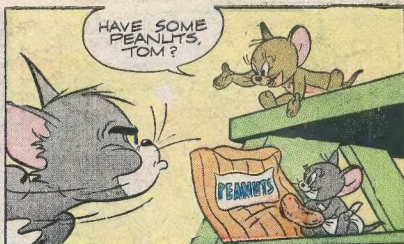
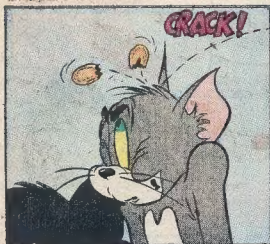
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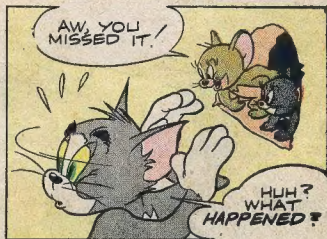
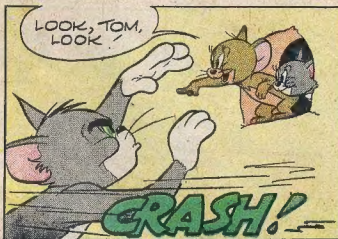
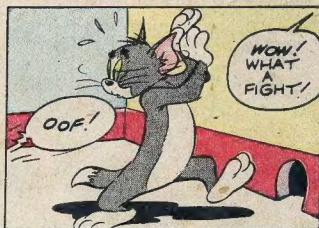
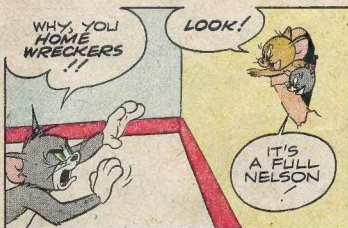
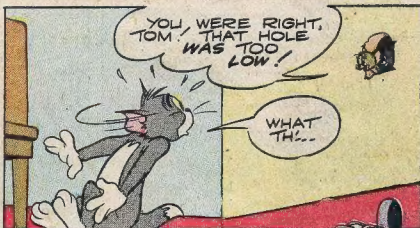
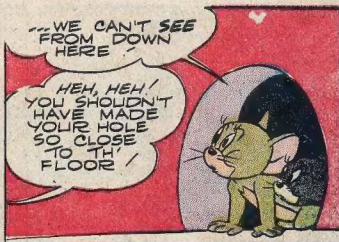
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TOM and JERRY

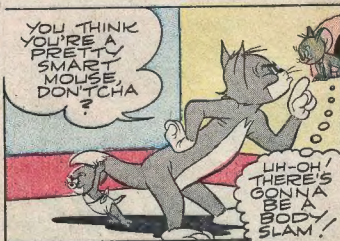
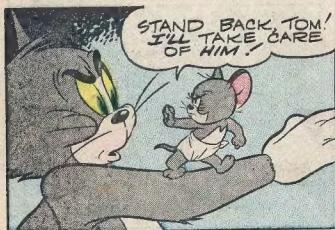
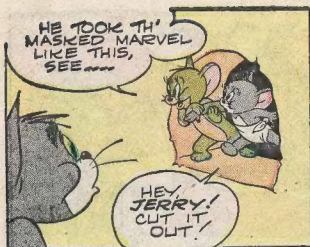


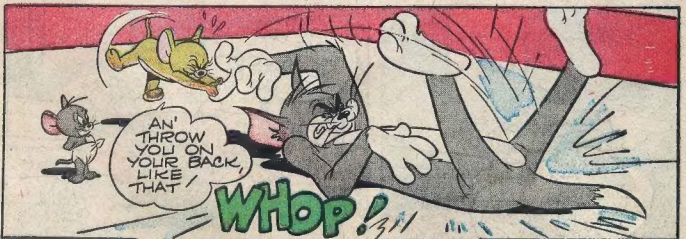
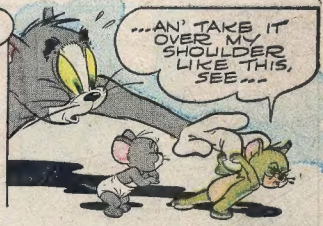
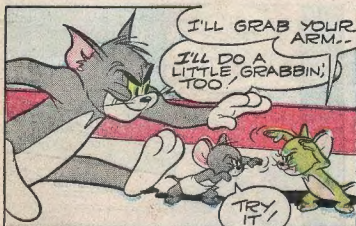
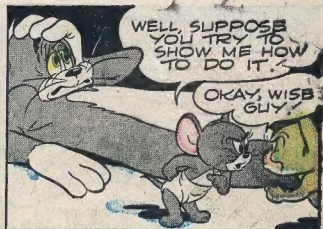
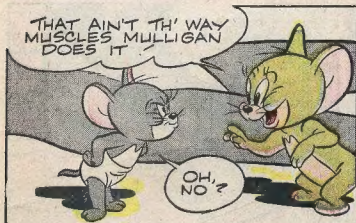
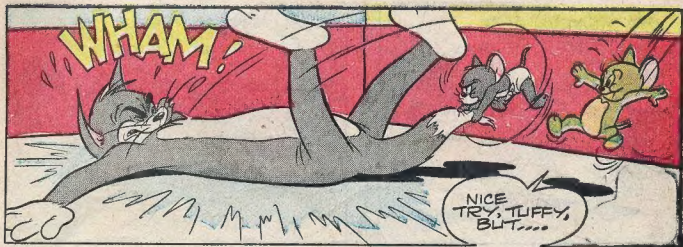


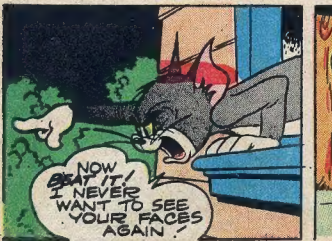
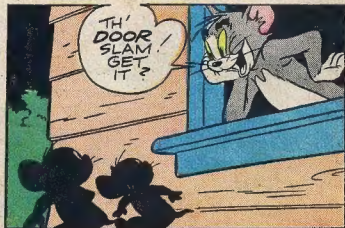
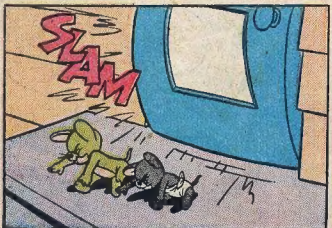
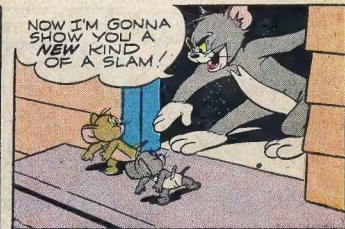
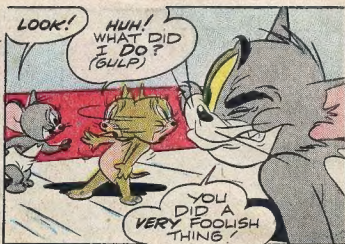
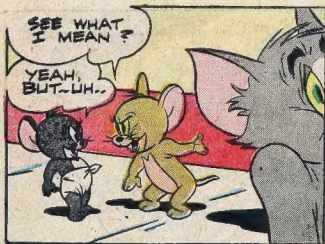


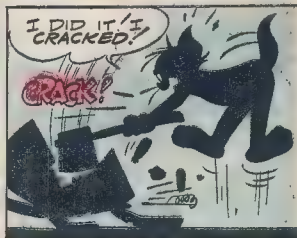
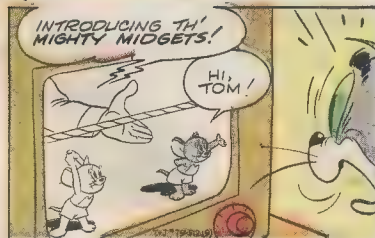
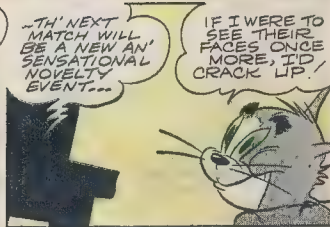
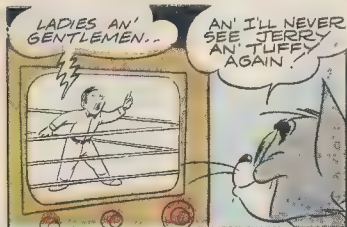
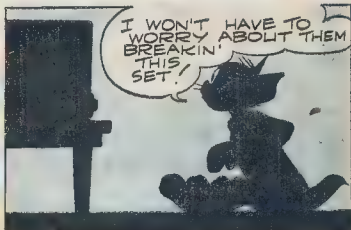
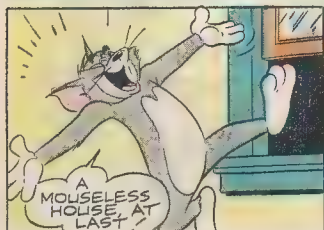
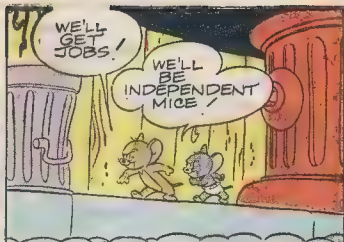
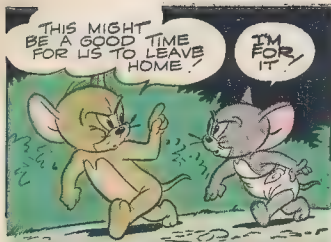


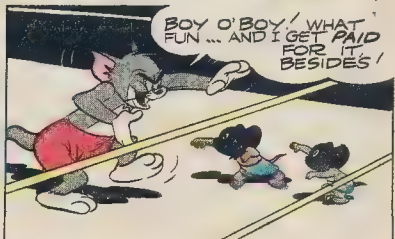
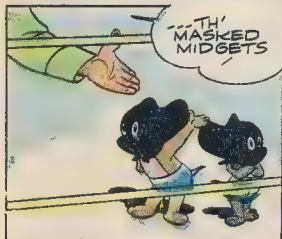
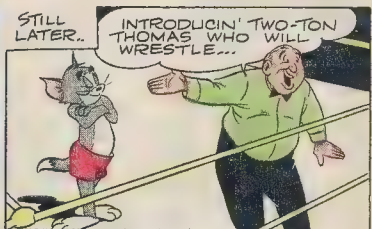
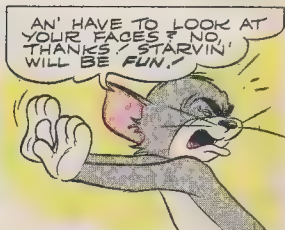
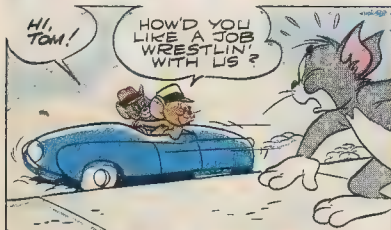
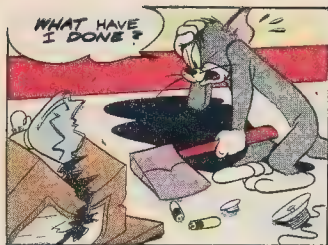












M.G.M. CARTOONS'

Presents

THE ADVENTURES of TOM

AHH-HUMMM (YAWN)...
BOY, DID I HAVE A GOOD
NIGHT'S SLEEP!

WONDER WHAT
DAY THIS IS?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
IT'S "GROUND-HOG DAY"!

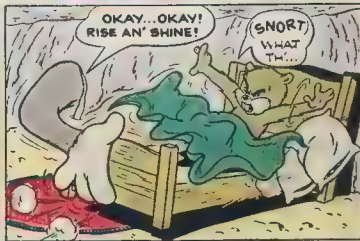
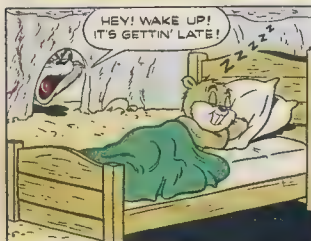
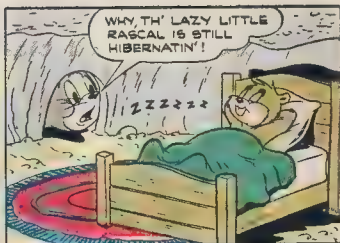
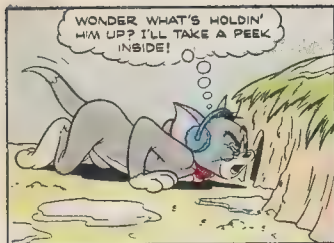
IF TH' GROUND HOG COMES OUT
OF HIS HOLE AN' DOESN'T SEE
HIS SHADOW, WE'LL HAVE AN
EARLY SPRING!

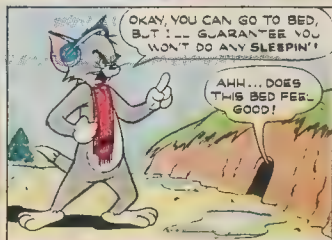
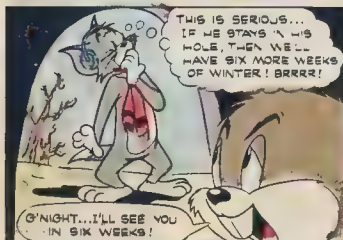
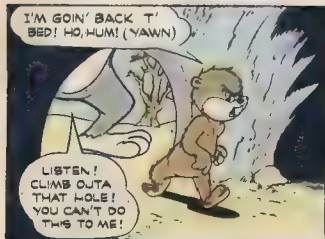
BUT IF HE DOES SEE HIS
SHADOW, HE GOES BACK IN,
AN' WE'LL HAVE SIX MORE
WEEKS OF BAD WEATHER!

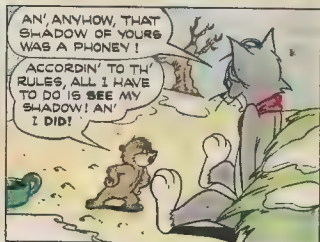
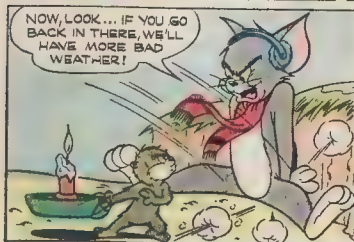
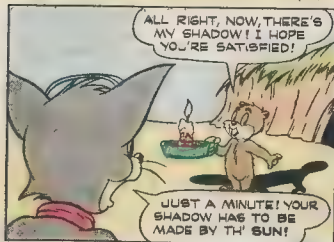
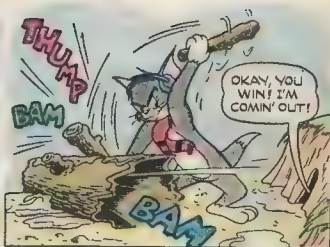
HE WON'T SEE HIS SHADOW
TODAY... THERE'S NO SUN!
THAT'S GOOD... I'M SURE
SICK OF THIS COLD!

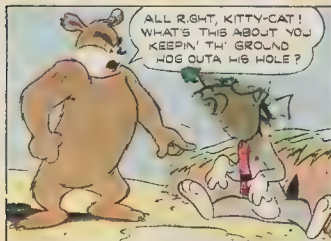
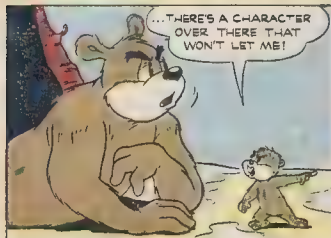
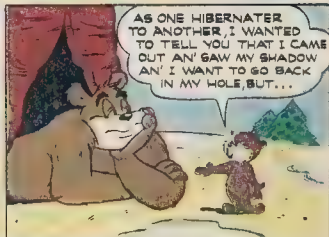
GUESS I'LL GO WATCH
TH' LITTLE WEATHER
PROPHET DO HIS
STUFF!

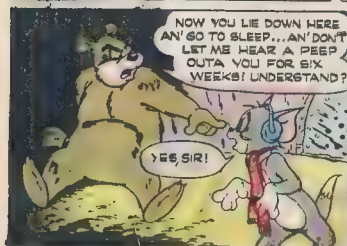
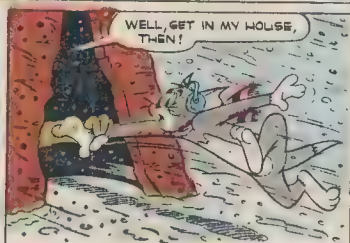
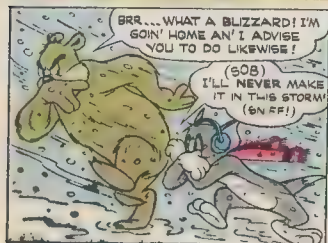
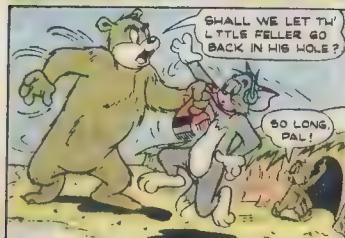
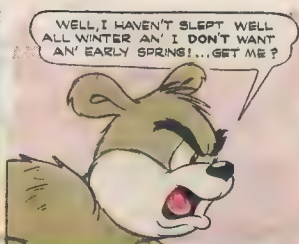
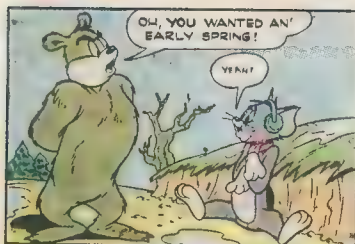
THERE'S HIS DOOR...
HE SHOULD BE OUT
NOW ANY TIME!

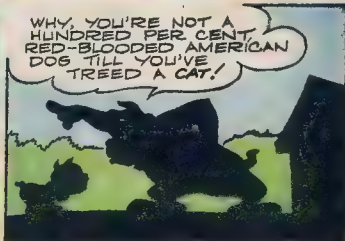
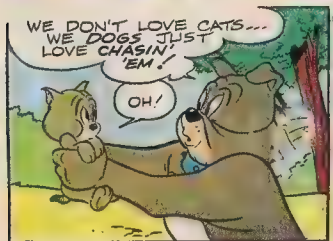
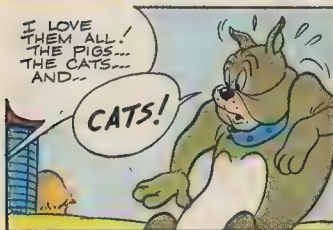
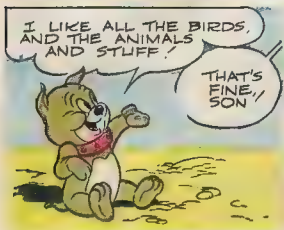
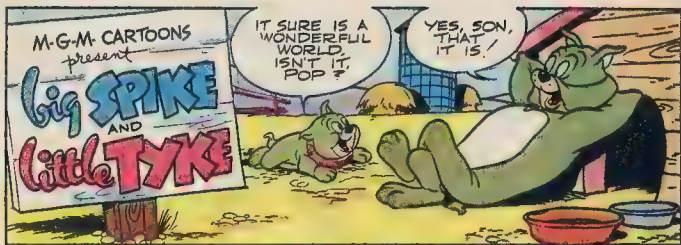


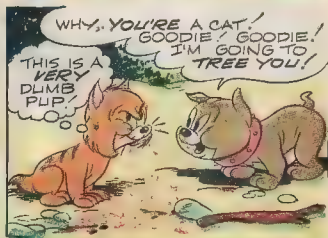
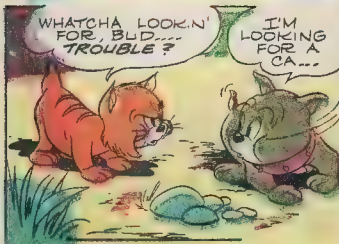
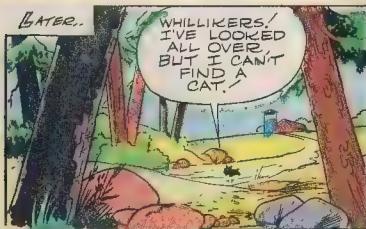
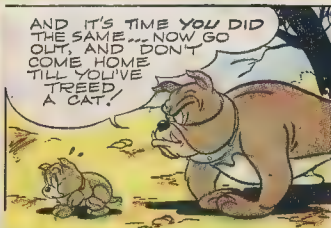
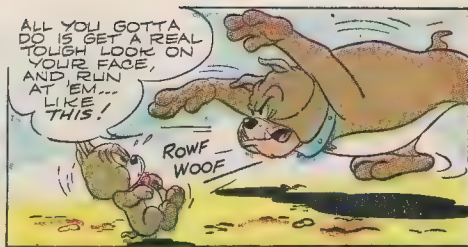


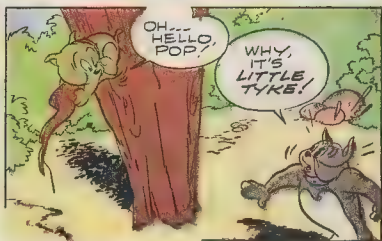
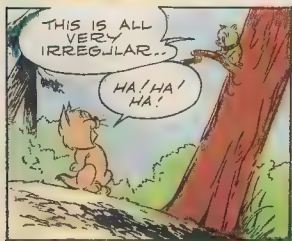
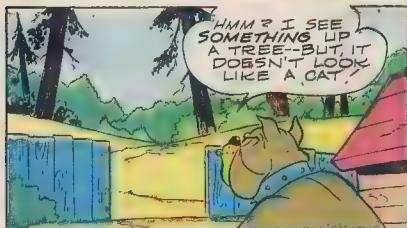
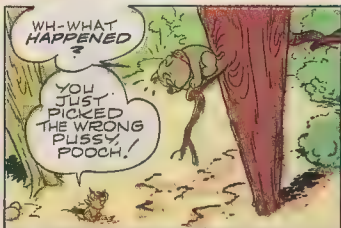
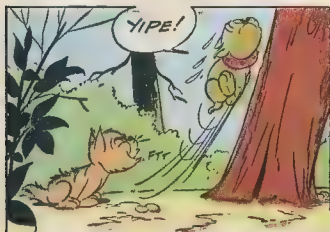
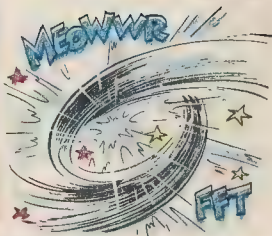
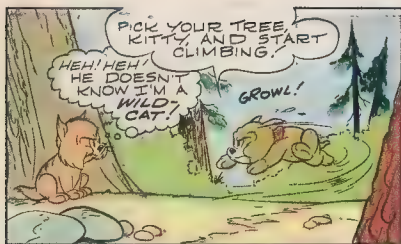


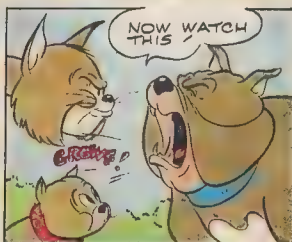
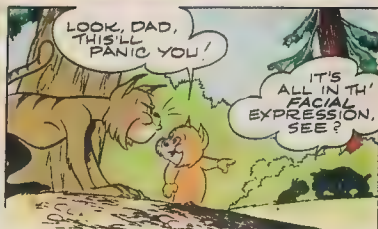
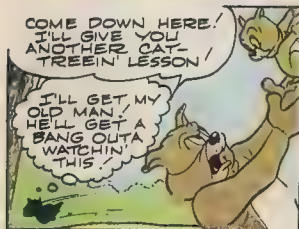
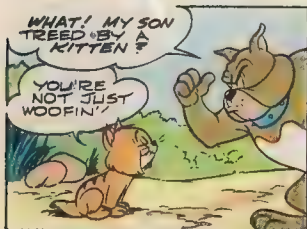


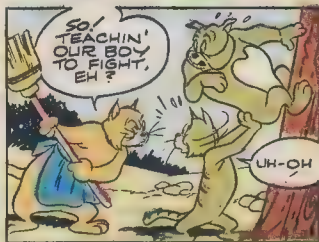
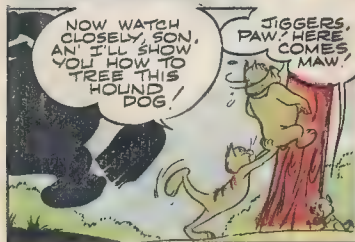
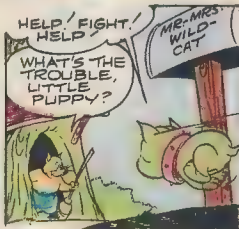
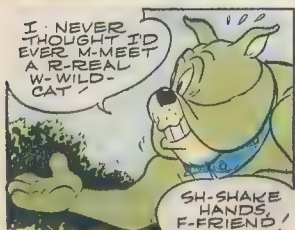
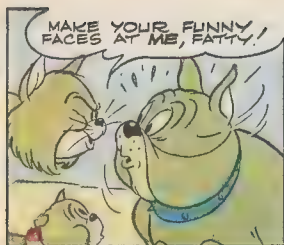


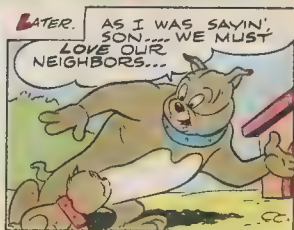
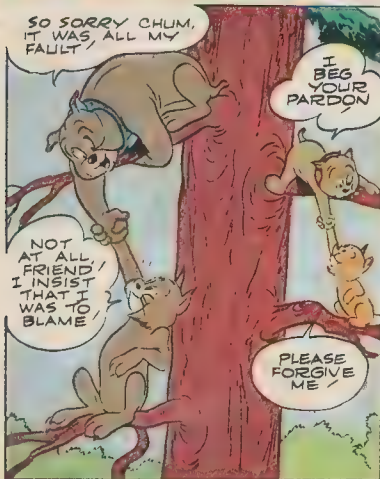
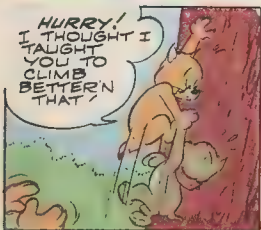
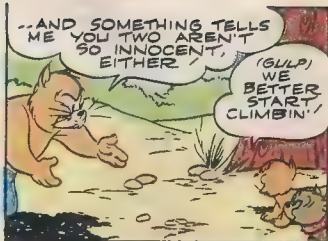


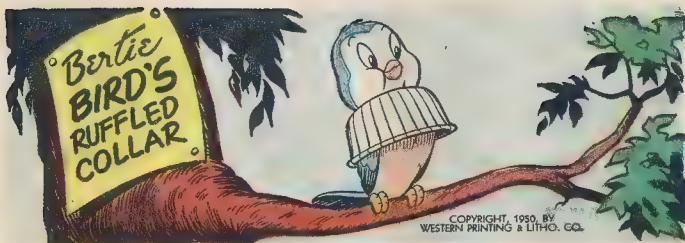












Bertie Bird hopped gaily along over the freshly cut lawn. He had had a good breakfast, so he wasn't hunting food—he was hunting a good time. The day was sunny and warm and fragrant. Everyone everywhere seemed to be having fun.

First he stretched, and then he stretched some more, to see what it was his neighbors were so terribly excited about. Mama and Papa Hummingbird were teaching their youngest how, to zip into a flower, sip its nectar, and zip right out again. Bertie blinked his own beady little eyes in the way a bird smiles. Then he remembered to jump, for it wasn't safe his mother had told him to get in the way of the long needlelike beak of a baby hummingbird.

A flower caught his attention—it was acting so very strangely. He stuck his eager little bill right into its smiling face to see what was going on away down inside. Without warning a bee, its fuzzy round body all dusty with golden pollen, burst out and knocked him back on his little bird haunches. It buzzed, "Sorry, Bertie, but you are in my way!" With a bumble, the heavily-laden bee gained enough altitude to fly, and off he went.

Bertie jumped to his feet, swaggering just a little, then preened himself. At least he was grown up enough to be noticed!

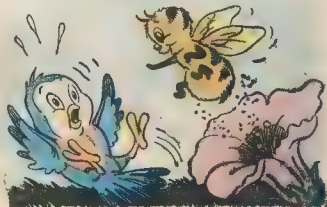
A little leaf fluttered teasingly in front of him, and Bertie hopped merrily after it. Of course he knew it was just a leaf, and he didn't really want to catch it, but playing a game with the wind was—well, he suddenly knew that was

just his kind of fun. One never could tell to what exciting places the chase might lead him. Once he had even come upon a delightful birdbath! He must remember to see if he could find it again on his next adventure.

Such happy, carefree, joyous thoughts urged Bertie to hop faster and faster, as the wind carried the leaf first to one side of the lawn and then to the other. At last it came to rest near the front porch of the big house. This was the farthest from the nest he had ever been. He paused to look around a moment, when—swish—a paw raked through the air beside him! For a split second Bertie looked into two monstrous green eyes. And the eyes belonged to a big cat!

Quickly, Bertie took to the safety of the topmost branch of a nearby tree. From there, he scolded the cat properly. At first his screeching did no good, but finally the enemy had enough and turned and slunk away.

Bertie puffed out his chest and dusted off his feathers. Then braver and feeling better than ever, he hopped down to continue his game.



By now the leaf had blown way across the yard. Bertie skimmed over the ground after it, half-hopping, half-flying.

"What are you doing, Bertie?" called one of his fine-feathered friends.

"Playing a game," twittered Bertie, too interested in what he was doing to even look up.

"A game?" broke in Susie Sparrow. "Who are you playing with?"

"Myself," answered Bertie, wishing Susie would go away. This business of exploring was Bertie's own special secret fun, and he didn't want to share it with anyone.

"Twee, twee," twittered Susie. "You look awfully silly." And with that she flew off to tell the others to come and watch Bertie.

Bertie's gay mood left him. Susie had spoiled it. He would never know where the chase might have taken him he thought sadly. He stopped and looked around. Perhaps he could find something else that would be just as much fun.

A little white fluted paper cup nearby caught his eye. Quickly Bertie started toward it. His spirits rose and he forgot about Susie Sparrow's jibe. Exploring was good fun, after all. And sometimes things like these had goodies in them!

Bertie reached the cup and peeked in. Sure enough, there was a little red, luscious-looking jelly inside! Quickly Bertie tasted the jelly. My, it was good! Then he pecked again—and again—and then—

And then those big green cat's eyes were upon him once more! Bertie was so frightened that he forgot to fly! In-

stead, he ducked his head in the cup. And that was worse! It was awfully dark! Quickly, Bertie lifted his head. But the paper cup came along! He was stuck. The cup wouldn't come off!

Hopping around excitedly, Bertie was sure he was doomed. Now he couldn't even see to fly, and the cat would pounce on him any second!

Then, suddenly, Bertie heard his friends call, "Hurray, Bertie, Hurray!" And just then—pop!—his head went through the paper cup, sliding it down around his neck! He could see again!

But, instead of flying, Bertie stood still in surprise. For the cat was streaking away, as fast as he could go! Little Bertie, with the frilled cup on his head, had given the big fellow an awful scare!

Quickly Bertie joined his friends in the tree.

"Whew! That was a narrow escape," he chirped breathlessly.

"You gave that old cat his come-uppance, all right," said the others.

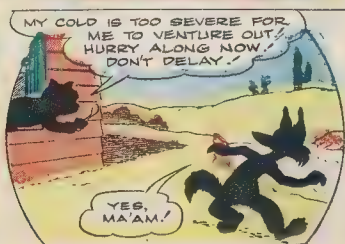
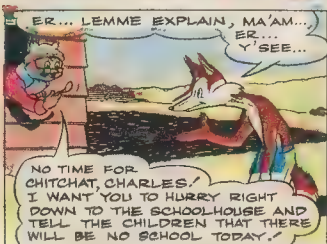
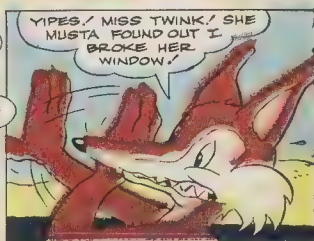
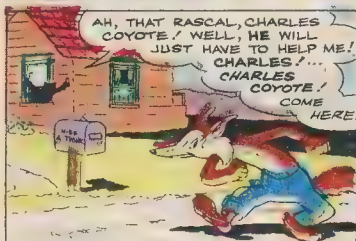
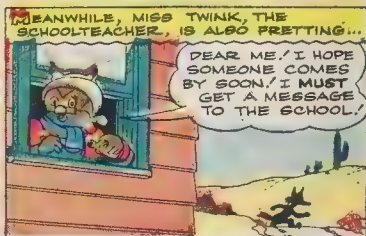
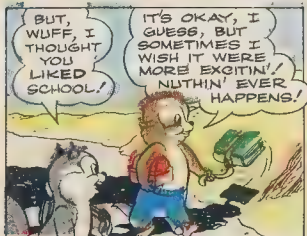
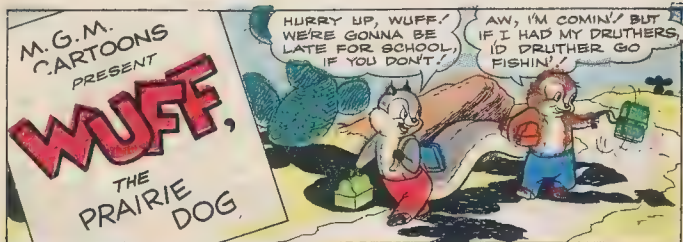
"Twee, twee—but did you ever look silly," chimed in Susie Sparrow. "And," she went on, pecking at the paper cup around Bertie's neck, "you look silly now, too!"

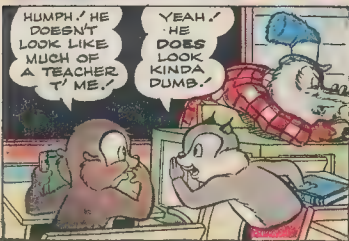
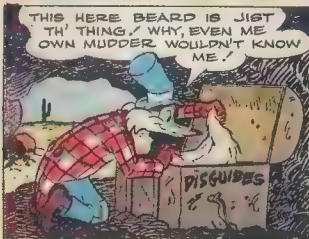
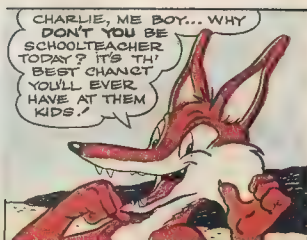
"Stop, Susie!" said Bertie sharply. "Don't you touch my—my collar! I like it—it saved my life—and I think it's beautiful!"

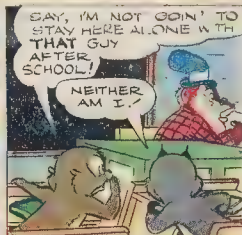
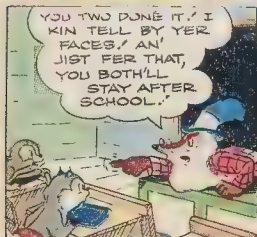
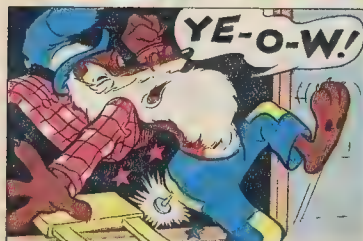
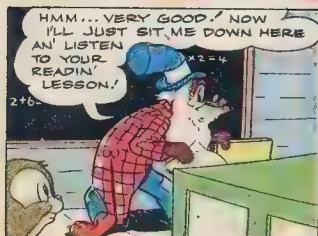
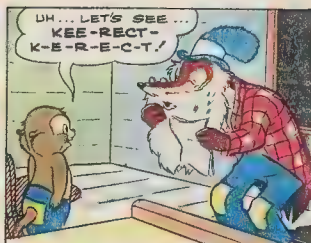
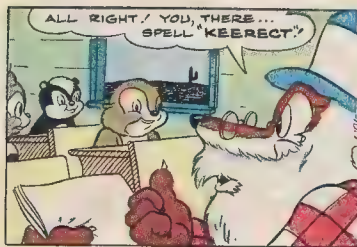
"It does look rather distinguished," said Bertie's sister soothingly. "But I'll help you take it off."

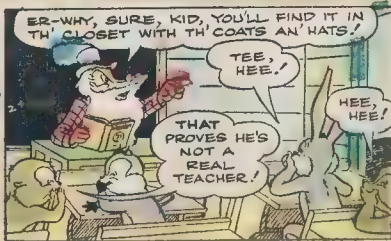
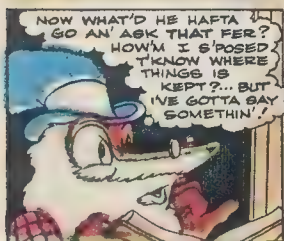
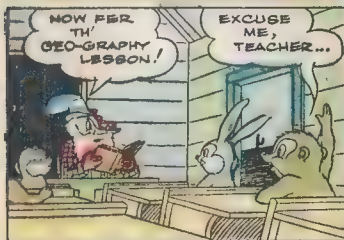
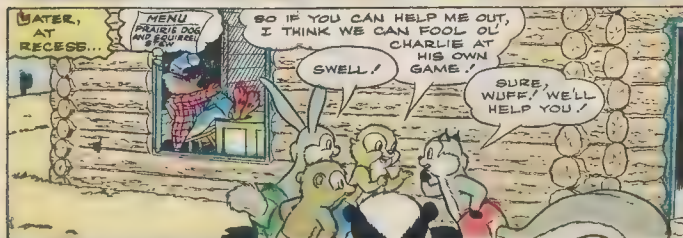
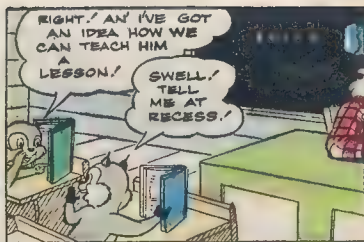
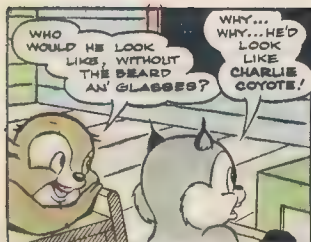
"No," said Bertie, "I'm going to wear it." And wear it he did, until at last it tore to pieces. And even then, Bertie was sorry to take off the last little piece of it.

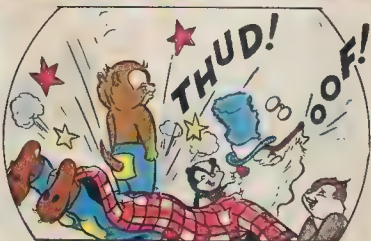
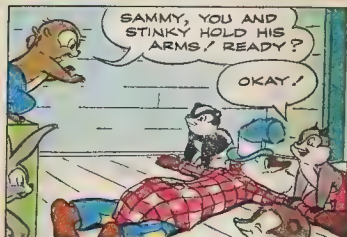
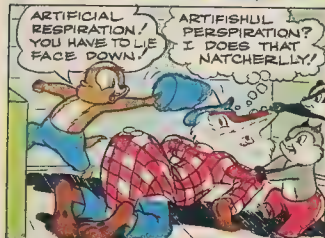
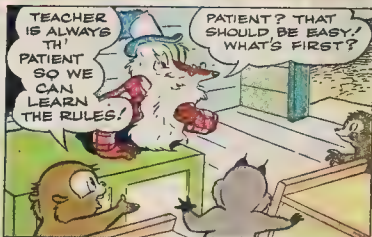
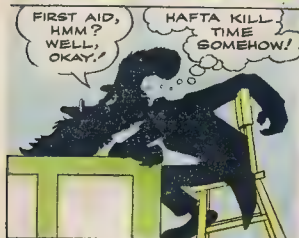
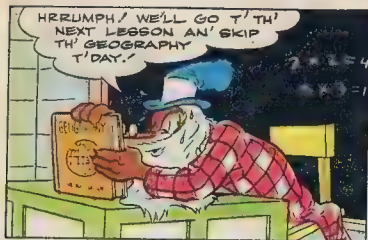


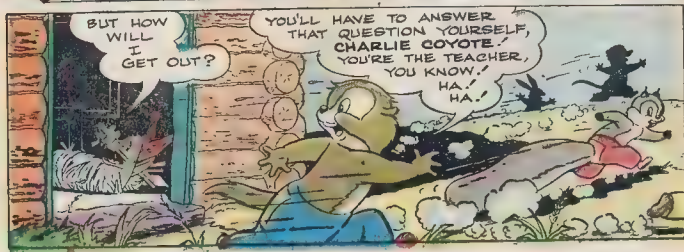
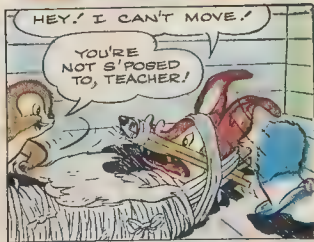
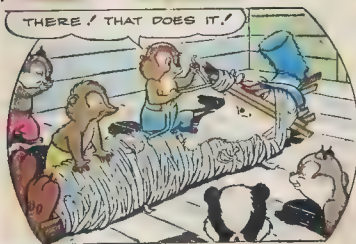
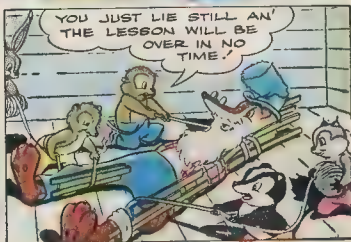
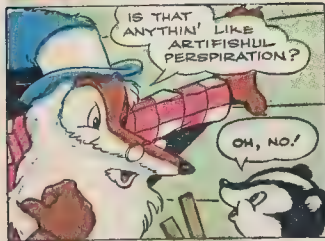
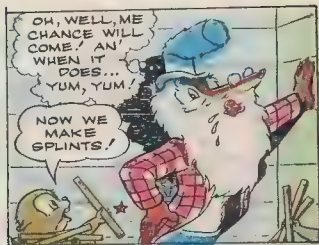
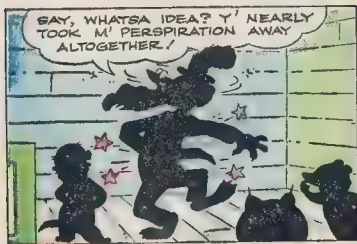












M.G.M. CARTOONS
Present

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

WELL, THE FLOOR'S
ALL MOPPED!

AN' TH'
DUSTIN'S
DONE!

NOW, IF ANYONE
TRACKS MUD IN
ON THIS FLOOR,
I'LL...

OH, OH,
HERE COMES
MOOSEFACE!

STOP!

JUST WANTED TO
SHOW YOU THIS
LITTLE TOY I'M
SELLIN'!

HOW
STUPID!

IT'S A MECHANICAL
MAN! LET ME SHOW
YOU HOW IT WORKS!

NO! I'M NOT
INTERESTED!

I'LL WIND IT UP!

I WON'T LOOK!

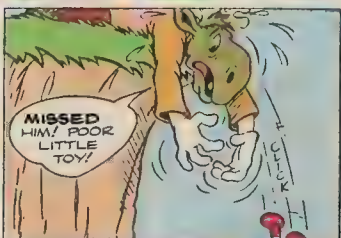
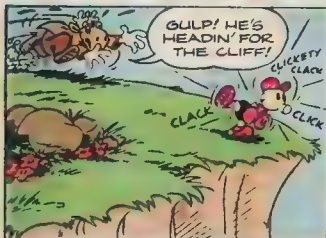
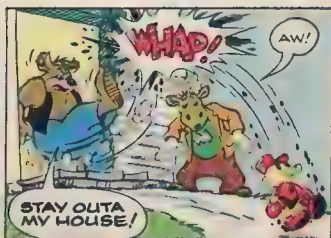
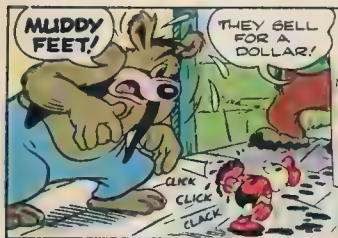
SEE, IT WALKS
JUST LIKE A
MAN!

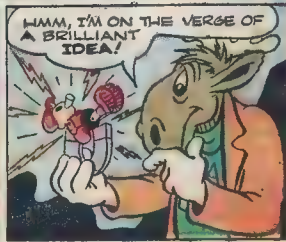
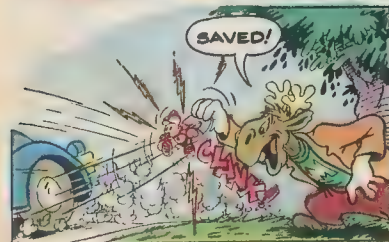
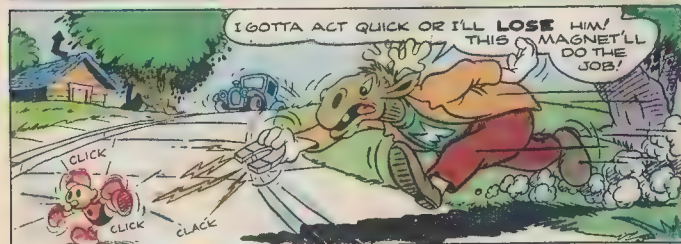
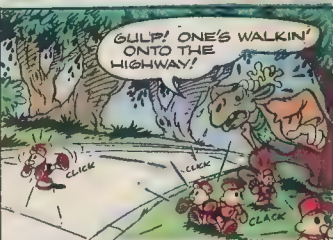
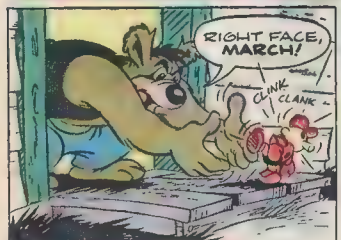
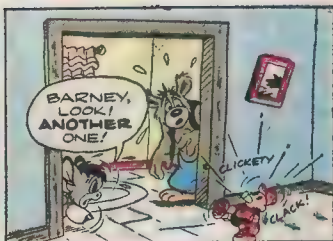
CLICKETY
CLACK

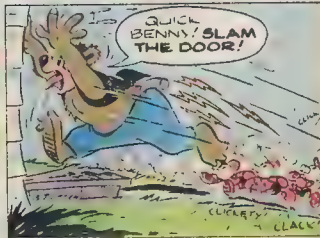
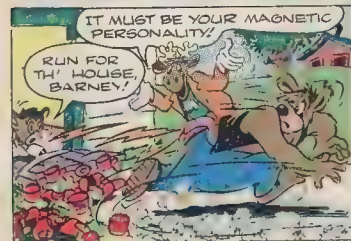
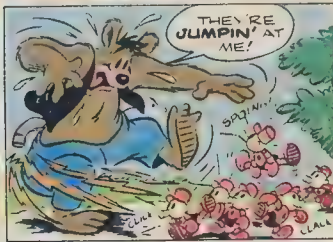
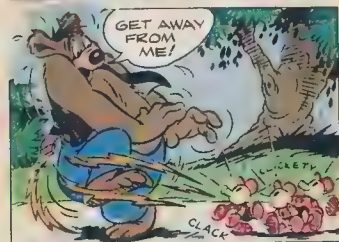
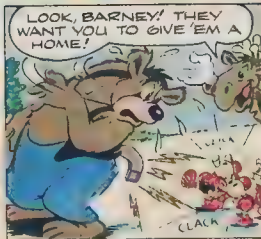
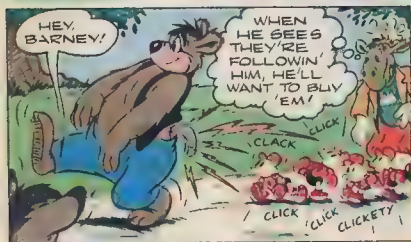
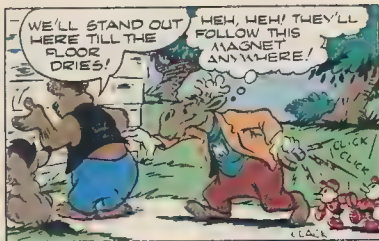
I'LL IGNORE
HIS TOY!

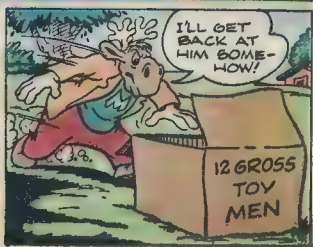
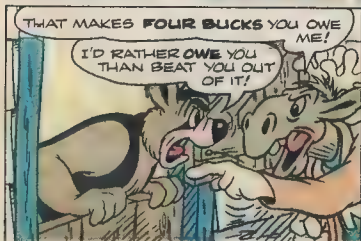
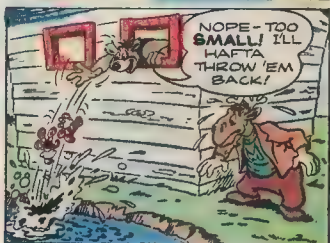
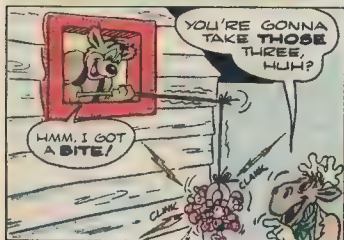
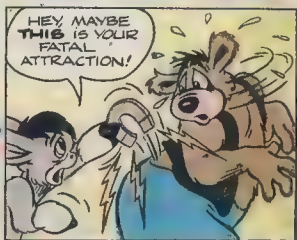
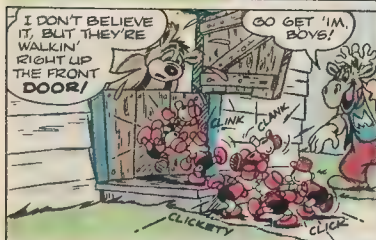
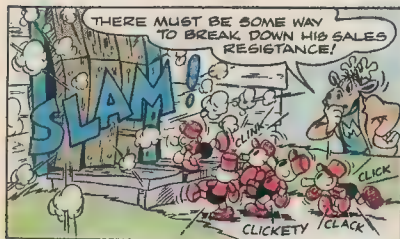
LOOK!

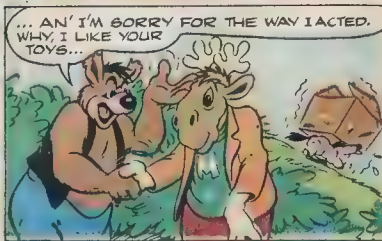
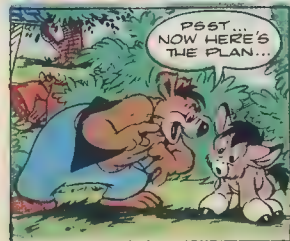
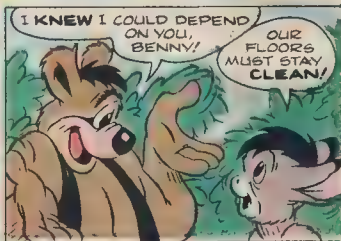
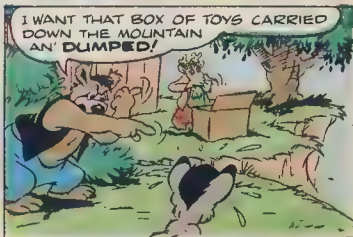
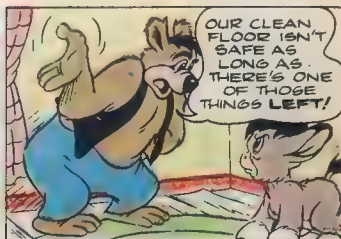
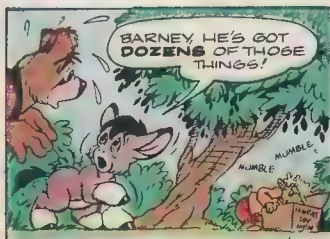
BARNEY!
IT'S WALKIN'
IN!

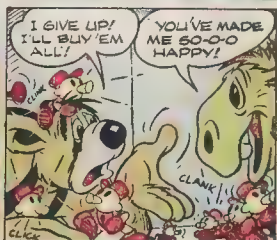
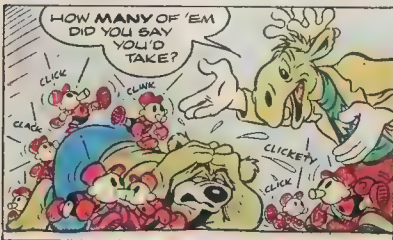
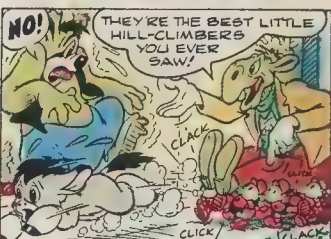
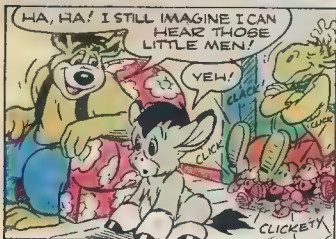
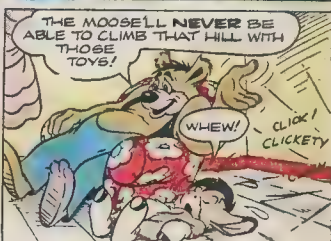
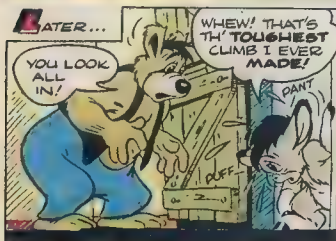
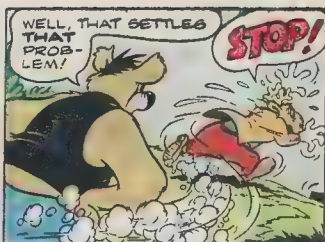


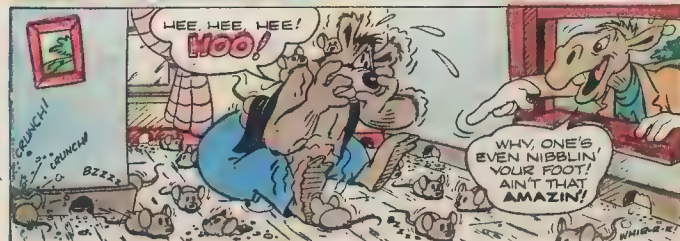
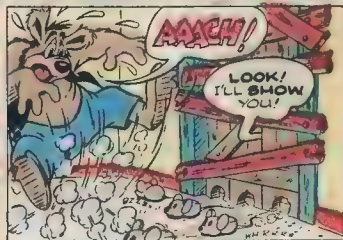
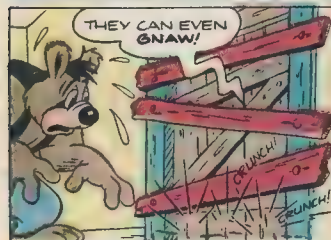
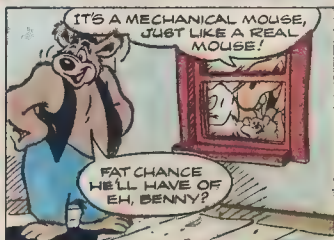
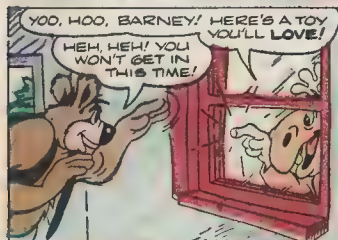
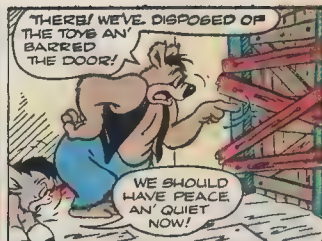
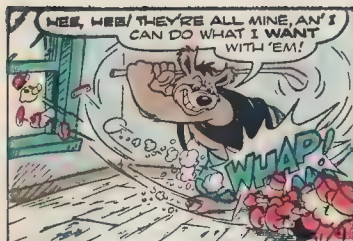












M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

fuzzy and wuzzy

LET'S PLAY INDIANS
AN' CAPTURE UNCLE
BARNEY!

AN' THEN,
WE'LL MAKE HIM
LET US RIDE
HIS HORSE!

WHY! ALL THOSE
KIDS DO IS PLAY!

BAR-BEAR
RANCH

THERE'S A LOT OF
WORK TO DO
AROUND HERE,
TOO!

WAH!
WAH!

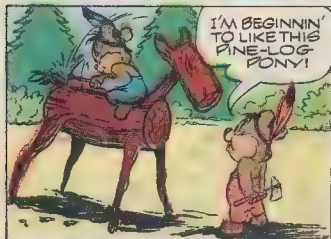
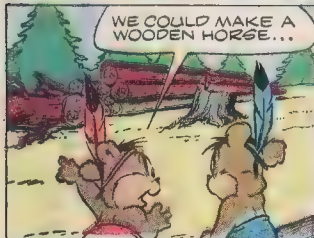
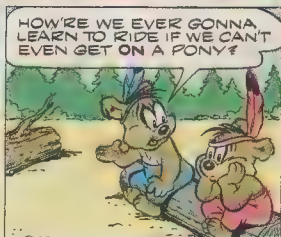
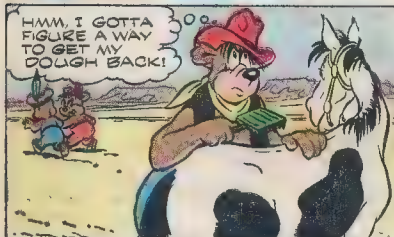
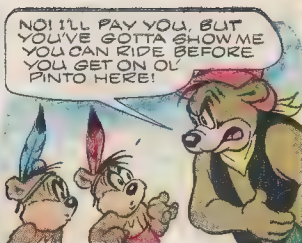
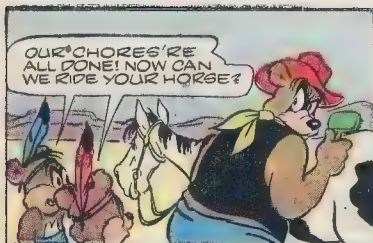
YI, YI!
WE SURROUND-UM
HEAP BIG FAT COWBOY!

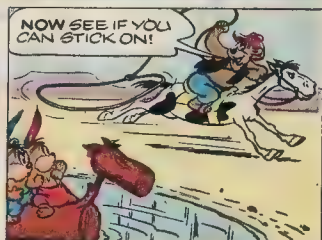
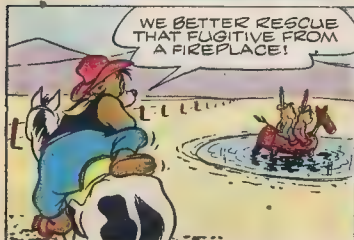
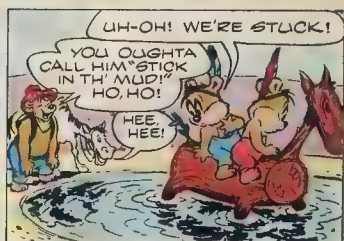
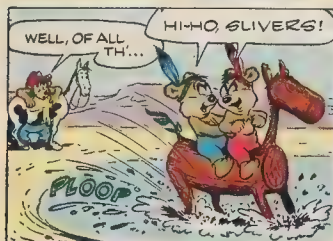
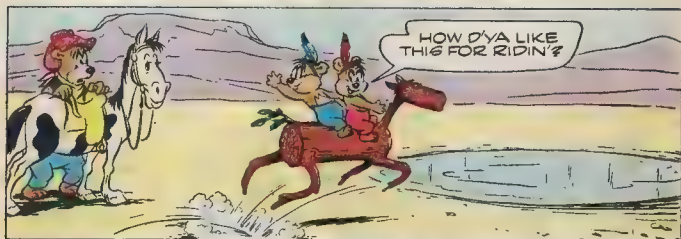
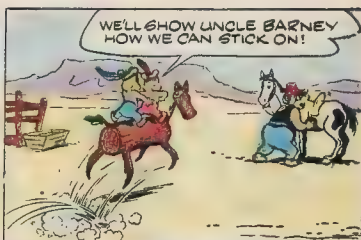
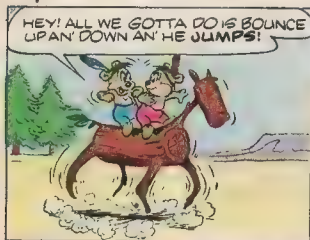
OH, YEAH? LOOK-UM
LIKE COWBOY
CAPTURE-UM
INDIANS!

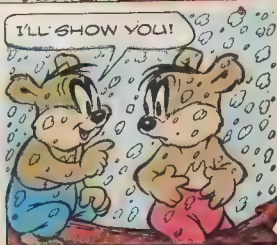
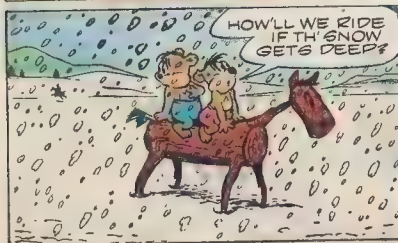
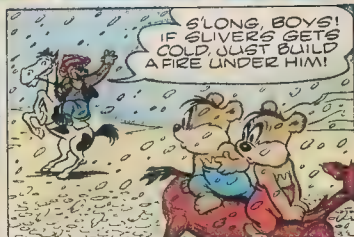
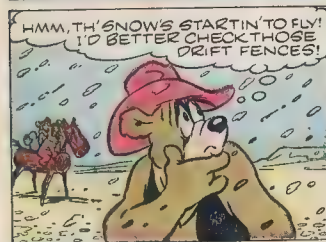
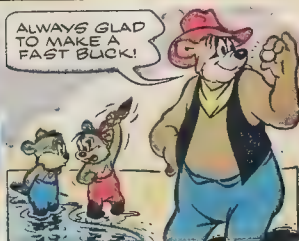
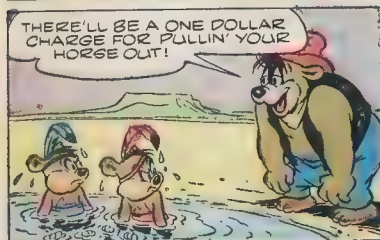
NOW! BRAVES
USE-UM
TOMAHAWKS
ON WOODP. LE!

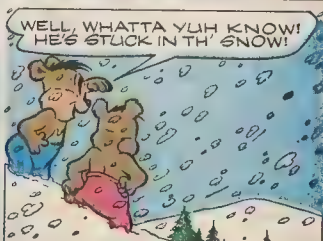
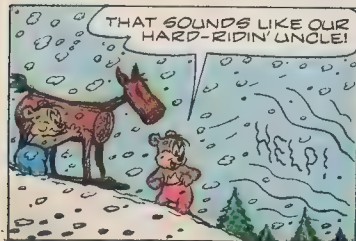
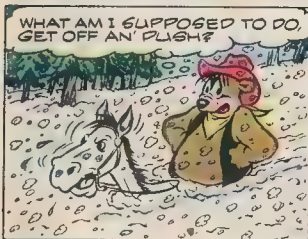
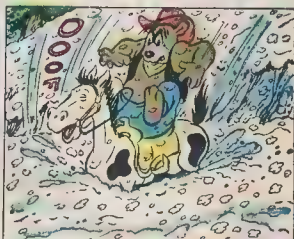
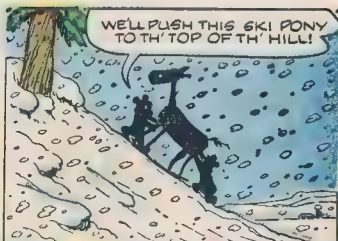
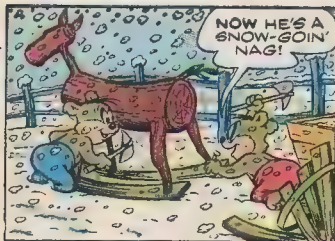
CUT-UM PLENTY WOOD
FOR HEAP TOUGH
SNOWSTORM
WHICH COME!

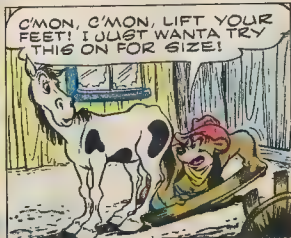
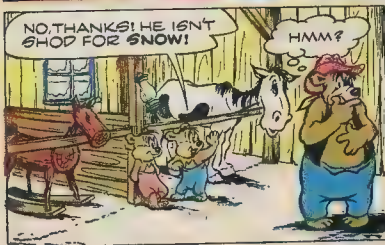
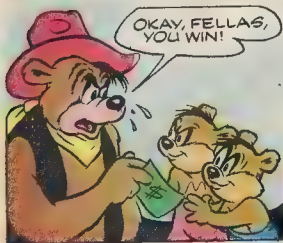
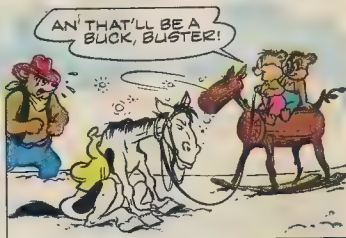
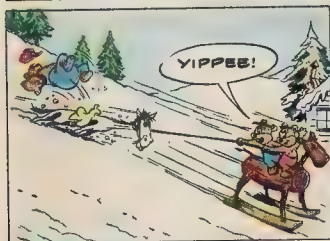
WE GOT TH' WOOD IN!
NOW LET'S MAKE HIM
PAY OFF!

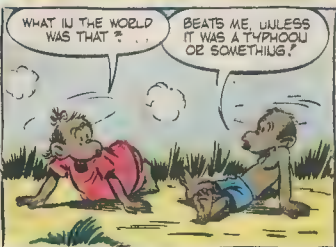
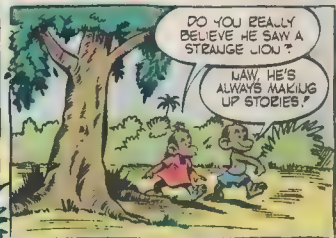
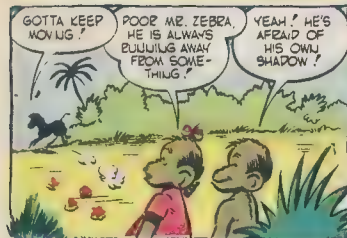
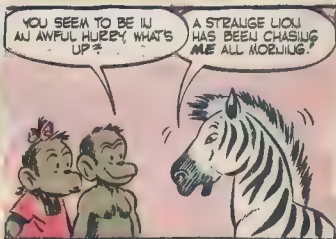
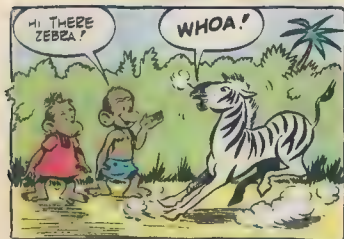
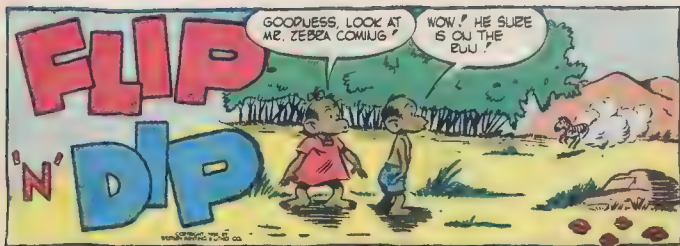


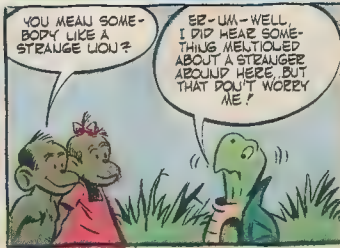
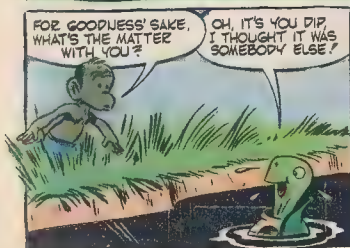
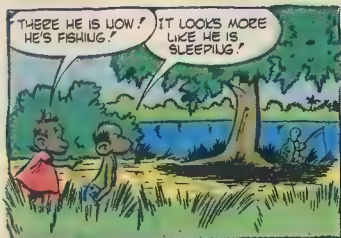
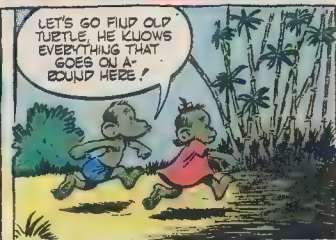
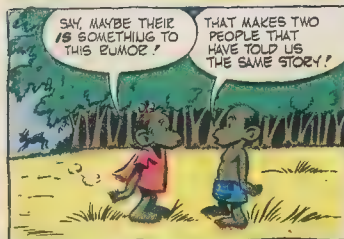
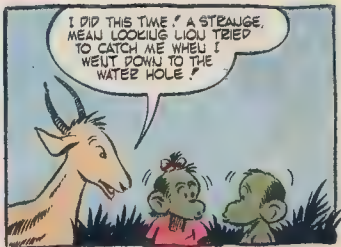
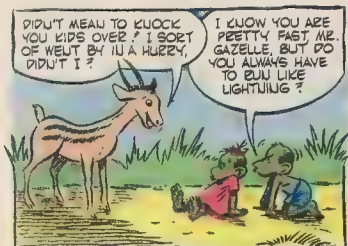


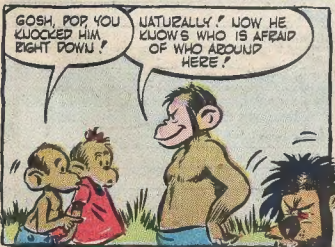


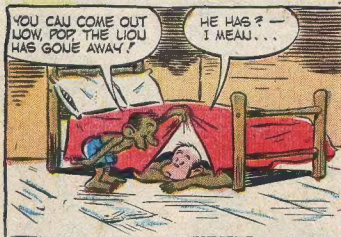
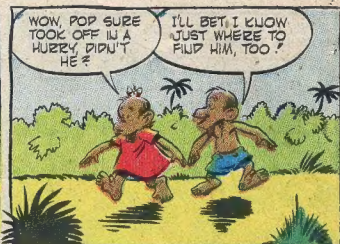
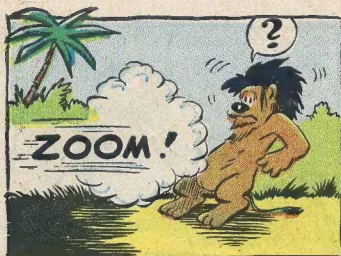












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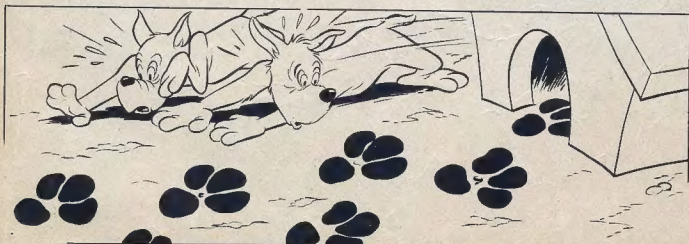
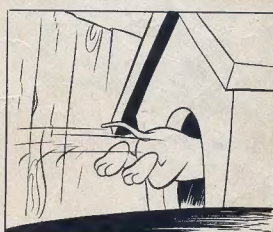
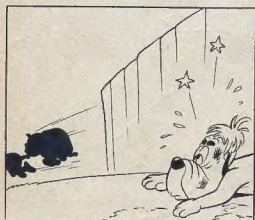
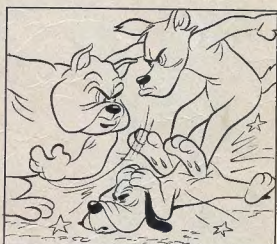
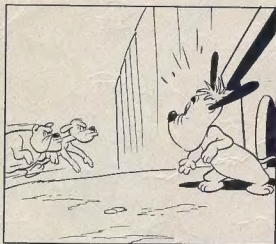
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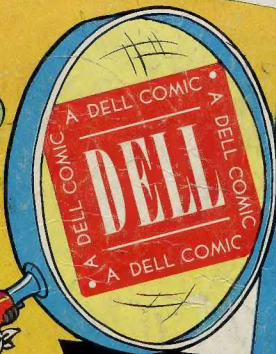
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